And ſees hard by a butcher with an Axe,
But will ſuſpect twas he that made the ſlaughter?
Who finds the Partridge in the puttockes neſt,
But will imagine how the bird came there,
Although the Kyte ſore with vnbloody beake?
Euen ſo ſuſpitious is this Tragedy.
Qu. Are you the Kyte *Bewford*, where's his talents?
Is *Suffolke* the butcher, where's his knife?
Suffolke. I wear no knife to ſlaughter ſleeping men,
Yet here's a vengefull ſword ruſted with eaſe,
That ſhall be ſcoured in his rancorous heart,
That ſlanders me with murthers Crimſon badge,
Say if thou dare, proud Lord of Warwickſhire,
That I am guilty in Duke *Humfries* death.

Exit Cardinal

War. What dares not *Warwicke*, if falſe *Suffolke* dare him?
Qu. He dares not calme his contumelious ſpirit,
Nor ceaſe to be an arrogant controller,
Though *Suffolke* dare him twenty hundred times.
War. Madam be ſtill, with reuerence may I ſay it,
That euery word you ſpeake in his defence,
Is ſlander to your royall Maieſty.
Suf. Blunt witted Lord, ignoble in thy words,
If euer Lady wrong'd her Lord ſo much,
Thy mother tooke vnto her blamefull bed,
Some ſterne vntutor'd Churle, and Noble ſtocke
Was graft with Crab-tree ſlip, whoſe fruite thou art,
And neuer of the Neuels noble race.
War. But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee,
And I ſhould rob the deathſman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thouſand ſhames;
And that my ſoueraignes preſence makes mee mute,
I would falſe murtherous coward on thy knees,
Make thee craue pardon for thy paſſed ſpeech,
And ſay it was thy mother that thou meantſt:
That thou thy ſelfe was borne in baſtardy,
And after all this fearefull homage done,

Giue

Giue thee thy hire, and ſend thee downe to hell,
Pernitious blood-ſucker of ſleeping men.
Suf. Thou ſhouldſt be waking whilſt I ſhed thy blood,
If from this preſence thou dare go with mee.
War. Away euen now, or I will drag thee hence.

Warwicke puls him out.

Exit Warwicke and Suffolke, and then all the Commons within, cries, downe with Suffolke, downe with Suffolke. And then enter againe, the Duke of Suffolke and Warwicke, with their weapons drawne.

King. Why how now Lords?
Suff. The traiterous *Warwicke*, with the men of *Berry*,
Set all vpon me mightie Soueraigne.

The Commons againe cries, downe with Suffolke, downe with Suffolke. And then enter from them, the Earle of Salisburie.

Salisb. My Lord, the Commons ſends you word by me,
That vnleſſe falſe Suffolke here be done to death,
Or baniſhed faire Englands Territories,
That they will erre from your highneſſe perſon:
They ſay by him the good Duke Humfrey dyed,
They ſay by him they feare the ruine of the Realme,
And therefore if you loue your ſubiects weale,
They wiſh you to baniſh him from forth the land.
Suf. Indeed tis like the Commons, rude vnpoliſht hindes
Would ſend ſuch meſſage to their Soueraigne:
But you my Lord were glad to be imploy'd,
To try how quaint an Orator you were:
But all the honour Salsbury hath got,
Is, that he was the Lord Embaſſador,
Sent from a ſort of Tinkers to the King.

The Commons cryes, an anſwere from the King my Lord of Salsbury.

King. Good Salsbury go backe againe to them,
Tell them we thanke them all for their kinde care,
And had I not bene cited thus by their meanes,
My ſelfe had done it. Therefore heere I ſweare,
If Suffolke be found to breathe in any place
Where I haue rule, but three dayes more, he dies. *Exit Salsbury*

Qu.